

About My Life: Vivien Leigh (Vivien Mary Hartley) by Sorin Cerin

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<https://www.calameo.com/read/006125201e2dc84dc106b>

Now I'm going to tell you about a paranormal happening that changed my life and thanks to which I am the Sorin Cerin I am today.

I was in New York in 1991, a newly arrived emigrant from Romania. I lived on Metropolitan avenue, somewhere on the border between Brooklyn and Queens in New York, a city that seemed close to my soul and that I love. One evening when I just came back from Manhattan tired, I turned on the TV where the program was broadcast in Romanian. In the pale light reflected by the television I thought I saw the hazy silhouette of a woman. I told myself I had visions. I turned off the TV and in the pale light coming from the street lamps I continued to see the same female figure. Then I realized it was a ghost. It's strange that I wasn't scared. I had a strange feeling of happiness, of fulfillment, mixed with a sense of fear and the unknown, which had to be explored. I

asked her who she was. She replied that her name was Vivien Mary Hartley. I had no idea who Vivien Mary Hartley was. As strange as it may sound, I felt her answers more in the depths of my soul than I heard them in my ears. I asked her if she had ever lived in that house thinking that maybe she was a ghost of the place. She answered me no. Then why did she come there was my thought to her. I said, my thought, because I realized that we could understand each other through thoughts without using the voice. It didn't happen like in the ghost movies where they made sounds as if they were certain people. I asked her why she met me. She answered me that I am a chosen soul who has an important mission on Earth, in this existence, and that this is the Destiny but also the Curse. I could hear her words in my ears, although I was convinced that they were rather spoken inside my soul. It was a strange feeling that I cannot describe in words. She told me that somewhere in another existence we had met before, and that she would always be by my side, helping me go through certain ups and downs in life. She also told me that although she was a successful actress in her last existence on Earth, the existence that followed the existence where we would have met, she was not happy. That her stage name was Vivien Leigh, that her whole life she knew that she was missing that something that was never fulfilled, the unfulfillment that was at the origin of depression and a bipolar disorder. I was

totally confused. I didn't know what to believe. I didn't think such a thing could be true. Which is why I told myself they were strange, silly thoughts.

The next day I was thinking about what happened to me the night before, especially since I personally have never particularly liked *Gone with the Wind*, but especially Vivien Leigh. As I had never thought of thousands of actors I had heard of, so I had never thought of Vivien Leigh until then. I didn't understand how all this happened, precisely to me. I was afraid it might be delirium or even some nervous disease. In order to realize that she is not a delusion, I thought I would ask Vivien certain questions about her life if she ever came back. Questions about certain aspects of her life that I didn't know about and that I would check later to a library, where to look for books about the life of the actress Vivien Leigh. I even prepared a small notebook that I always carried with me along with a pen to jot down various responses from Vivien in case she ever came back. I thought about her again the next morning. Although I called her to myself she did not answer me. After more than a week, just as I was on the subway which was crossing the East River, Vivien returned again. I saw her by my side in the crowd. She was like a shadow, which it seems I was the only one to notice. I wanted to ask her certain things I didn't know about her life so I could verify them later. I knew that if those things were true, then my meeting with Vivien was as real as could be, and if

not, it was just a simple delusion that I never even had to think about again. I asked her if she had any children in the existence in which she was an actress. She replied that she did, that she had a daughter who at that time was still living and her name was Suzanne Farrington, born on October 12, 1933. I wrote this name down with the dates of birth in the notebook I carried with me just in case Vivien ever returned. In a short time, Vivien disappeared again as suddenly as had come. The first step was to head to a library in Manhattan. At that time in 1991 there was still no internet for me to check such data immediately. I found one on Broadway corner of Union Square. I asked a librarian well past the second age to give me any book on the life of the actress Vivien Leigh. She brought me several books. It was not more than three-quarters of an hour before I learned that Vivien's daughter's name was Suzanne, and that she was born on the date Vivien had indicated to me a little while ago, just as I was crossing the East River. I couldn't believe it. Thus I found out that even the date of birth was correct, or until then I had no way of ever knowing that this actress who until then had not aroused my interest at all had a daughter and that her name was Suzanne, but especially Suzanne's date of birth. Only then did I realize that everything was as real as possible, that Vivien was by my side, that it was not my delusion, that there was no point in being scared. As I left the library I felt that all of Broadway was

participating in my amazement. I was running around Manhattan without a specific target for hours until I was tired. Even now I don't know if I got anywhere through the Bronx. All I know is that I couldn't understand what was happening to me. Why Destiny, but especially the Curse, brought us together in this way. What Curse follows us from somewhere from another existence, what Karma? From that moment, Vivien became for me, my half. I could feel that whatever I feel, joy or sadness, whatever I think, she feels too. She was and is always by my side. For better or for worse. Between me and Vivien, everything turned into a beautiful story of spiritual, platonic love. We went together to Dallas, Texas. At her will. She got upset when I was asking myself the question whether or not she is Vivien Leigh or is she a demon who presents herself to me as Vivien?. Months passed. I finally made the decision to visit a renowned medium who had an office somewhere in Fort Worth, Texas. I remember when we were passing through Arlington on our way to Fort Worth, she told me she was leaving me for good if I continued on my way. Then all the more I wanted to check if Vivien wasn't a demon. The medium was a middle-aged woman of South American origin. She received me, begging me to refrain from speaking of the reason for my coming. She didn't even ask me what I wanted, as she told me she knew why I came to her. She lit some herbs with a pungent smell but very fragrant. First she

said the name Vivien and then Leigh. She told me that Vivien is with me and that she is a soul attached to my soul. A good soul who loves me and will always support me. I remember asking her what exactly is an attached soul? She replied that Vivien is a soul that is united with my soul in thought and feeling, and that she feeds on the energy of my soul, on my joys or sorrows, just as I do. Then I realized that my soul consists of two halves, me and Vivien. On the drive back to Dallas, Vivien was notably quiet. I knew she was upset because I went to the medium to find out if she was a demon or not. It hurt her that I didn't fully trust her. I remember then it came to my mind, a way to reconcile her through a game, where it was not necessary for her to talk to me. Near the house I stopped at a supermarket where I bought a large package of dragees. Each such dragee had a letter inlaid on it. When I got home I spread all the dragees on a table. There were several hundred. I apologized to Vivien. Then I turned off the light and asked her to choose and arrange the dragees in such an order with my hand in the dark that the dragees formed a certain word or several words. I could feel her directing my hand to each individual dragee, telling me which one to choose, and then I placed it on the table in the chosen order. I placed the dragees without looking at which letter I was choosing, in that dark darkness where I couldn't even see my own hands. When I turned on the light, in front of me was

written: "Suzanne" and the rest of the dragees formed letters that could not form any words. Then I understood that Vivien had forgiven me and that she was with me again. She made me understand that through the word Suzanne I learned that she was with me as a kind and close soul, not as a demon or a delusion of mine, as I had originally thought in New York.

My return to Europe is due to Vivien. After my return to Europe, when she appeared to me, she told me to write philosophical poetry, philosophical aphorisms and philosophy, since the fulfillment of my Destiny consists in these writings, since I was born into this world precisely to write such a work. She was telling me that this is God's plan for me. She told me about many things that were going to happen in my life, telling me what was good to do and what not to do. She spoke to me about Destiny, Curse and Karma, about Love and Fulfillment, about God, Mistake and Sin. When I composed, she never interfered with my literary and philosophical creation although I felt her close to me. Every time I asked her what Curse it was about, she told me that the time would come when I would find out. Since those days in New York, since 1991, Vivien has always followed and guided me. My departure for Dallas, Texas, and then Las Vegas, Nevada, cities where I lived longer, was at her wish, as was my departure for Australia and then my return to Europe. We went together through the desert that

surrounded Las Vegas, but also on Mount Charleston or at the Hoover Dam in the vicinity of Las Vegas. She talked to me a lot about France and Paris, the city where I was going to have great success as a writer. Moreover, for Vivien, France has always been her soul country, about which she spoke to me more than once. Her dream was always to live in France, but she did not succeed for various reasons. Thanks to her, France has become for me the country I love the most and where I want to be buried. Also to Vivien, I also owe, my marriage to my current wife, Dana Cristina Gorincioiu. Vivien wanted me to have a fulfilling earthly life, not just a spiritual one. Vivien told me on a certain day in June 2000 what to do. If I didn't do that, I would never have met my wife, the engineer Dana Cristina Gorincioiu, with whom this year we will celebrate twenty-three years of a happy marriage, as I could not have imagined it to be possible, and whom I love like I never thought you could love anyone in this world. The last child, whose name, I personally chose in 1999, I named Sorina Vivien Cerin, as a combination of the names Sorin Cerin, mine, and Vivien, after Vivien Leigh's. Only last year, in 2022, I found out that Sorina Vivien is also my biological child, not just by name. Immediately after I found this out through DNA testing, Vivien Leigh appeared to me and told me that the Curse was finally over.

